THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS'

MILLENNIAL STAR.

"Thou shalt arise, and have mercy upon Zion: for the time to favor her, yea, the set time, is come."– PSALMS.

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CHRISTMAS DAY.

BY WILLIAM FRANKS, JARROW-ON-TYNE.

[CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 803.

Various and conflicting are the opinions of learned men, as to the precise date on which the Messiah was made manifest in human rags and swaddling clothes. According to the acknowledged best chronologists, there is more evidence to justify us in saying, that the latter end of March or early in April, witnessed the launch of a blazing world in yonder sky, to lead the steps of the wise men to the spot that contained the wonderful child—the omnipotent babe.

The depraved moral condition of humanity awakened the sympathies of heaven. The solemn conference of the Trinity demonstrated the soul-enrapturing truth, that "God is love." God found out a remedy, and became the architect of an atonement that stands unparalleled and incomprehensible—unmerited and unsolicited. Omnipotent! this salvation can save to the uttermost. Immutable! it is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. Omnipresent! Wherever two or three are gathered together in my name there am I in their midst. Its universality has proved its adaptability to all states, all climes, and all condition of men.

The advent of God's only begotten Son on this stage of conflict, was humility in perfection. With the beasts of the field he took up His abode. The manger became His cradle, and the stable His dwelling place. The honors of no earthly sovereign encircled the illustrious Nazarene. No purple and gold dignified the carpenter's son; but angels from the realms of God's habitation pierced through the skies and sang His praise. He was a stranger to royal and aristocratic applause, but nevertheless, He made the ears of the deaf to drink in the melody of His celestial voice. Liberty He pronounced to the dumb, and they sang his praise—rending the heavens with their songs of Hosannah to the son of David. He cast his healing virtue amongst the lame, the crippled and the blind, and they followed him and glorified him with praise and thanksgiving. Wandering multitudes gazed in amazement at his startling transformations. The mandates of monarchs, emperors and kings, sink

into insignificance when contrasted with the effects of his command. Nature heard his voice and obeyed his decree. Palsy and fever fled at his vital touch. The grave was ransacked and the dead restored. Winds were calmed. Storms and tempests were hushed into silence, and boiling waves were tranquilized. The liquid sea was hardened into a pathway for his feet, and on its briny deep he walked as if on solid land. When he died, he had no sombre train of mourners. Government officials—his greatest enemies—carried him to a borrowed grave. But the earth split its bosom, as if to weep at the death of its Creator. The temple's vail was rent in twain. The sun refused its light upon his diabolical murderers. It covered its face to mourn. Darkness shrouded the world. Amid the rending rocks and a heaving world, the graves began to cast out a crop of living men. The centurion declared Him to be the Son of God—and well he might! The motley crowds of weathercock-like creatures, who came to scoff, smote on their breasts and went away, the victims of excitement, fear, agony and apprehension. Verily, they thought the judgment had begun.

Well may we exclaim—stand back ye kings and princes, ye philosophers and heroes! The shade is your position, when compared with such greatness and glory, as that manifested by the despised and rejected man of sorrows. He is the monarch of the skies: the king of kings, and the ruler of princes. Heaven is his throne—the earth his footstool. Light is the garment in which he is clad. Clouds are the chariot in which he rides. Angels and archangels run with alacrity and joy to obey his mandate and decree. He died! But he burst the barriers of the grave, and came forth in the brightness of his sublime glory—a mighty victor over sin, death, and hell. He ascended and led captivity captive, having received gifts for degraded and rebellious man. He changed the crown of thorns for the jeweled diadem of universal empire, and he shall reign until he hath put all things under his feet.

What other system can compare with this matchless scheme of human redemption? In its holiness and purity, it has forced its way into the deepest caverns of corruption, depravity and crime. With its mighty power, it has expelled everything obnoxious to its sanctity, and opposed to its reign. The bleeding, mangled and expiring culprit on Calvary's Hill beheld his glory, felt his need, asked aid in faith and prayer, and was *remembered*. The bloodthirsty persecutor of the Saints—Saul—it met on his way to Damascus. He wept, prayed and begged mercy of the despised One,—"he received sight forthwith, and arose and was baptized." "And straightway he preached Christ in the synagogues, that he is the Son of God." It met the stern jailor at Phillipi, and from his terror-stricken lips was wrung the greatest question ever dropped from the lips of man:—"What must I do to be saved? And they said, Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house: and they spake unto him the word of the Lord, and to all that were in his house, and he took them the same hour of the night, and washed *their* stripes and was baptized, he and all his, straightway." On the day of Pentecost, its mystic power arrested the blood-stained multitude; and while Christ's crimson was yet soaking the Mount of Skulls, three thousand of the miserable murderers of Christ cried out—"Men and brethren, what shall we do? Then Peter said unto them, Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ, for the remission of sins and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost." In obedience to the command about 3,000 heard the word gladly, and were baptized, continuing steadfastly in doctrine, fellowship, breaking of bread, and in prayers.

What has it not accomplished since? It has waded through seas of blood, walked through fires of martyrdom, and pushed its conquests into every habitable part of the globe. It has braved the fury of princes; worn out the anger of despots; defeated priestcraft; outstripped philosophical schemes; and riding forth in beauty, majesty and glory, it *will yet* command the admiration of a rebel world. Kingdoms and empires have been

bletted from the map of being, but the Gospel planted by Christ, and restored by the angel flying in the heavens, will survive every crumbling atom, amid the wreck of ages and revolving worlds. It has gone to and fro in the world, and the desert has blossomed like a rose. With its first propagators it burst upon the realms of superstition and idolatry, the altars erected to unknown, and undefinable deities, trembled and fell; whilst it has proved itself victorious in the annihilation of a multitude of erratic things, by doctrines called. It has shook peoples, and paralyzed falsehood and error. It has reared temples for the worship of God and his Son, wherein humble souls their loftiest songs of praise—Sabbath after Sabbath raise, for:—

"Redemptions; artless, unencumberd plan."

With Prophets, Apostles, and Elders, this Gospel has gone to and fro in the earth. Seas, oceans, and continents have been traversed; and in a multitude of blessed instances, it has triumphed gloriously. But nobler, and more splendid victories it will yet achieve. "A nation shall be born in a day." Nations shall cast their idols to the moles and bats. It shall go forth shining more and more resplendent—accomplishing unparalleled wonders in the moral world. The tidings of its joy shall roll on every plain, and resound through every forest. The dwellers on the mountain tops, and in the valleys, shall shout to each other; the distant hills, and elevations that intervene, shall catch the flying joy, till earth shall roll the rapturous note of glory all around. Then will be warbled forth, an anthem of indescribable melody and joy—an anthem that shall be echoed back from the conclave of the skies—an anthem of universal triumph, won, purchased and completed by the Babe, that was born on HAPPY CHRISTMAS DAY.

Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease;
So Immanuel's fair dominions
Shall extend, and still increase,
Till the kingdoms
Of the world are all His own
Blessed Jubilee! let thy glorious morning dawn.

WHO WILL WIN?

Some people appear to be exceedingly exercised regarding the struggle that is going on between "Mormonism" and the influences and powers that are arrayed against that divine system, and some, who look hopefully and expectantly for its downfall pointing to the apparent odds with which it has to contend, ask us, occasionally, who will come out best in the contest. We have defined the position so frequently that it seems almost superfluous to do so now, yet it may be in order to say at present that, with regard to the final outcome of the controversy, we have no more doubt than we have of the shining of the sun in the heavens. The Lord and a few honest people who will seek his guidance and fulfill his commandments are an overwhelming majority over the whole world, and the "Mormons" feel perfectly sure they have got that majority. If anybody thinks that any true Latter-day Saint gets weak in the knees because of a little opposition, it is time they disabused their minds of such a fallacy. The Lord has set his hand to establish a work that shall be a marvel and a wonder in the earth, and parties who attempt to stop its growth and development are in as untenable a position as the mythical individual who, according to the fable, endeavored to keep back the approaching tide with a pitchfork.

We may say also that no true Latter-day Saint, notwithstanding his assurance of the triumph of right, on the side of which he firmly stands, ever dreams of giving up one iota of his religion on any account whatever, that being a matter between him and his God.—*Deseret News.*

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS' MILLENNIAL STAR.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1874.

ZION SHALL TRIUMPH.

With this number closes the thirty-sixth Volume of the Star. In May 1840, the first number of the Latter-day Saints' Millennial Star was issued, edited and published by Elder Parley P. Pratt, at 47, Oxford-street, Manchester, England. April 17, 1841, one year afterwards, at the conclusion of the first volume, the following historical and prophetic language was penned by the Editor. Referring to future ages, when the great Latter-day Work, which was then in its incipiency, would be regarded with admiration and astonishment, he says,—"The nations of them which are saved will then look back through these pages and contemplate the acts, the scenes and the events of other and different times. And what will they behold? They will see in 1830 'a cloud like a man's hand,' or in other words, a Church of six members rising from obscurity and coming forth from the wilderness. The curtain falls, and rises upon 1838, and what is then beheld? Ten thousand people disinherited, robbed, plundered, driven, and all fleeing before their enemies, while many are imprisoned and martyred! And who are these? They are the Church which eight years before consisted of six members. Again the curtain falls and rises upon 1840, and what is then seen? People of many nations and kindreds,—multitudes in Europe and America and the islands of the sea. And who are these? They are the Church who two years before were scattered, driven and (supposed to be) broken up. The scene again closes and opens upon the twentieth century. And what is then beheld? A great multitude which no man can number, peace smiles around them, and truth is shining in their midst. They are the Church which seventy years before consisted of six members. Such then will be the interest with which posterity will peruse these pages."

Forty-five years, next April, will have passed since the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was organized, at Fayette, Seneca Co., State of New York, in North America, with six members, viz.: Joseph Smith, jun., Oliver Cowdery, Hyrum Smith, David Whitmer, Samuel H. Smith and Peter Whitmer, jun. These being the first also that were baptized according to the command of God, and the authority of the renewed Priesthood in this dispensation, viz.: Joseph Smith, Oliver Cowdery and Samuel H. Smith, May 15, 1829, and Hyrum Smith, David Whitmer and Peter Whitmer, jun., in June following. It is no doubt clearly remembered that Joseph first baptized Oliver according to the command of the angel, then Oliver baptized Joseph. Samuel

and Peter, jun., were baptized by Oliver, and Hyrum and David were baptized by Joseph, in Seneca Lake, on the date above mentioned. They were all re-baptized subsequent to the organization of the Church.

Nearly thirty-four years have also passed since the utterance of the foregoing prediction, during which time the little STAR has continued to send forth its cheering, warming, happifying rays to light the pathway and guide the feet of such as would hearken unto the truth, and were willing to follow its dictates, toward that glorious millennial era of peace, of which its name is emblematical.

Mighty changes have transpired within this eventful period. Babylon has grown more wicked, crime has extended on every hand, wars and much bloodshed have marked the paths of nations, both in the Eastern and Western hemispheres, in fulfillment of prophetic warnings, while the little stone cut out of the mountain, without hands, amidst persecutions, revilings, and the most obstinate resistance, has continued to roll despite all the powers of darkness arrayed against it, until it is the admiration of many, and the astonishment of nearly the whole world. Who shall say that in the next twenty-five years the sanguine hopes and expectations of its most ardent and zealous advocates shall not be realized? Arise, O! Zion, and put on thy beautiful garments, for thou hast got thee up into the high mountain, and the set time to favor thee has come. Thine enemies have never prevailed, and never will prevail against thee, for God, our God, is thy defence, thy mighty tower and thy stronghold.

Have the wicked ever profited by battering against the bosses of Jehovah's buckler? Ask the States of Missouri and Illinois; the great Democratic party with Buchanan at its head, who sent an army to destroy the Saints; the recently great, but now expiring Republican party, with U. S. Grant at its head, who have passed proscriptive laws against a portion of the sovereign people because of their religion, in violation of their oaths of office and the provisions of the sacred Constitution; ask those who have raised their puny arm against this great latter-day Work—Buchanan and his army, S. A. Douglas, Cullum, Colfax, Bingham, Claggett, Newman, Poland, and hosts of others; in short, consult the history of the persecutions of the Latter-day Saints, and the universal answer will be—No man, no party, no state, nor the Government of the United States has ever accomplished ought but to give impetus to the Work, to spread abroad the principles and doctrines of the kingdom, which continues to abide in strength and increase in power, while they with accelerated pace have made rapid strides on the downward path. Yes, Zion shall triumph, the prophecies concerning her shall all be fulfilled, she shall never be left to another people, and in the future as in the past, we hope the MILLENNIAL STAR will brilliantly shine.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ENGLAND.

Bristol, Dec. 10, 1874.

Prest. Joseph F. Smith.

Dear Brother,—With pleasure I embrace this opportunity of writing to you. Brother Ball and myself returned to Bristol yesterday, to meet brother Hanham, as we expect him here on Sunday, the 13th inst. Since I last wrote to you we have baptized

two very promising young members, also have re-baptized two persons that had been excommunicated from the Church several years ago. You will see that the work of God is still moving forward in this part of His vineyard, and it rejoices my heart to hear such good reports from other parts of the land, and more especially among the Lamanites, for it proves to the faithful Latter-day Saints, or should do, that the end is nigh. For the word of God is recorded in the Book of Mormon that when Israel shall be driven to that point where they should have no place to set their feet, they should begin to prevail over their enemies, and judging by the signs of the times I think that that time has about arrived: for, like a flock of sheep when they are surrounded by hungry ravenous wolves, so in a like figure are the people of God surrounded by the wicked. But woe to the Gentiles when the remnant of the land shall marshal themselves in battle array and shall go forth to vex the Gentiles with a sore vexation. Then will that passage as recorded in par. 8, page 475, ("Book of Mormon") be fulfilled "and I say unto you, that if the Gentiles do not repent, after the blessing which they shall receive, after they have scattered my people, then shall ye who are a remnant of the house of Jacob, go forth among them; and ye shall be in the midst of them, who shall be many; and ye shall be among them, as a lion among the beasts of the forest, and as a young lion among the flocks of sheep, who, if he goeth through, both treadeth down and teareth in pieces, and none can deliver. Thy hand shall be lifted up upon thine adversaries, and all thine enemies shall be cut off. And I will gather my people together, as a man gathereth his sheaves into the floor, for I will make my people with whom the Father have covenanted, yea, I will make thy horn iron and I will make thy hoofs brass, and thou shalt beat in pieces many people; and I will consecrate their gain unto the Lord, and their substance unto the Lord of the whole earth. And behold, I am he who doeth it.

And it shall come to pass, saith the Father, that the sword of my justice shall hang over them at that day; and except they repent, it shall fall upon them, saith the Father, yea, even upon all the nations of the Gentiles. And it shall come to pass that I will establish my people, O house of Israel. And behold, this people will I establish in this land, unto the fulfilling of the covenant which I made with your father Jacob; and it shall be a new Jerusalem. And the powers of heaven shall be in the midst of this people; yea, even I will be in the midst of you." The present signs that are being shown forth in the midst of Israel and also among the Gentiles is a powerful testimony to me that the deliverance of Israel is nigh at hand, and it should be to all the faithful Saints of every land and clime.

I still rejoice in preaching the Gospel to the inhabitants of this land, although there is but few that has the moral courage to come forward in the face and eyes of an opposing world and receive the truth. I know of a surety that the work we are engaged in is the work of God, and truly I can say with Paul, that the Gospel we are teaching is the Gospel of Christ, and it is the power of God unto salvation to all those that will embrace the principles thereof and put them in practice, and it will prove a savor of life unto life, or of death unto death to all those that hear the sound thereof.

May God bless you in your labors and all the faithful of Israel is the prayer of your brother in the bond of the new and everlasting covenant,

B. H. Watts.

SWITZERLAND.

Ennetcuhl Dec. 7th 1874.

Prest. Jos. F Smith,

Dear Brother.—I thought that a few lines would perhaps be interesting to you. I am thankful to the Lord Almighty that I have been found worthy to come back to my native land, and to raise my voice in proclaiming the everlasting Gospel, and I can truly say that the Lord has blessed my labors so far; some give heed to my words and are to day happy, and are testifying that they have been brought from darkness to light, but on the other hand there are many thousand around here who seem to be satisfied with their condition; but I am deter-

mined to keep on and warn them from danger and their coming destruction. The kindom of God is still onward in this land; we have good spirited meetings, a few strangers are generally present and perhaps more would come, but they are afraid to be seen to attend a Mormon meeting; most of our people are poor, but are alive to their duty, I wish to God they all were. As to myself I have no reason to complain, but abundant cause to rejoice, knowing that I am laboring for the kingdom of God, as there is nothing to loose but everything to gain.

The Utah brethren in this land and Germany are all well, and I feel proud to labor under the Direction of Prest. Stucki. We are united and work together as Mormon Elders should. May Israel's God help us to do so in the future, that we may fulfil our mission and do a good work.

May heaven protect you and all that favor Zion, is the constant prayer of your brother in the Gospel.

FRED. THEURER.

UTAH NEWS.

From the *Deseret News*: —

IMPROVING.—We learn, by dispatches received in this city to-day, Nov. 28, from St. George, that President Young's health is still improving.

GONE EAST.—Hon. A. O. Smoot, Mayor of Provo, left this city this morning, Nov. 28, per rail, on his way to Philadelphia. His business is to purchase several thousand dollars' worth of machinery to render the Provo Woolen Manufactory more complete.

GONE TO WASHINGTON.—This morning, Nov. 28, Hon. George Q. Cannon, delegate to Congress from Utah, left this city for Washington, to resume his labors in the National Legislature, as the representative of the people of Utah. He carries with him the good feelings, wishes and confidence of the thousands of constituents by whom he was elected, and who congratulate themselves on the failure of an unscrupulous clique to rob them of an honest and industrious representative. Mr. Cannon's bonds to the Third District Court, we believe, require his appearance in court at the December term, with the understanding, however, that the indictments against him will not be called up for trial until the March term.

THE TEMPLE.—T. P. Thomas, foreman of the mason work on the Temple, sends us the following: "Work on the Temple walls has closed for the season, 38,000 cubic feet of rock having been laid during the summer and fall. To show the exactitude and system with which the work is conducted, reflecting the highest credit on brother T. O. Angell, the architect, it may be said that not a single stone, of the 38,000 feet above mentioned, after having been prepared according to the directions given, had to be altered the least particle when raised to its place on the building. The Temple walls are now sixteen feet from the basement, and begin to present an imposing appearance, and judging by the manner in which the work is being done I have no doubt that, when completed, the Temple will be one of the handsomest and most substantial structures on this continent."

PROVO VALLEY.—Bishop Abram Hatch, of Provo Valley, reports that the people generally in that region are healthy and prosperous. Good crops were raised there the past season, except wheat, which did not average more than a full half crop. The co-operative institutions of the valley are in a prosperous condition. The Bishop gives a good account of Indian matters at the Uintah Agency. Under the supervision of Mr. Critchelow, the Indians are doing well. They raised very good crops the past season, and they have now in operation at the agency a saw, grist and shingle mill. Many of them are taking hold of work, and the disposition to be peaceful and to advance in the arts and comforts of civilisation is growing amongst them. A good school for their benefit has also been established, which is conducted by Mrs. Critchelow.

It was "Darling Gweorge" when a bridal couple left Omaha; at Chicago it was "Dear George;" at Detroit it was "George;" and when they reached Niagara Falls it was "Say, you."

Men dying make their wills—but wives escape a work so sad; why should they make what all their lives the gentle dames have had.—SAXE.

A young blood at an hotel was requested to pass a dish near him." "Do you take me for a waiter?" said the exquisite. "No, sir; I mistook you for a gentleman," was the prompt reply.

We are told that the smallest hair throws a shadow. And so it does. It throws a shadow on your appetite when you find it in your victuals.

A policeman in Chicago passing a house the other night, heard a woman screaming, "O, Henry, Henry, come here, quick! Susan! mother! the baby!" Gallantly breaking in the door and rushing up stairs, the officer found that the baby—had just cut a tooth.

POETRY.

DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

[SELECTED.]

Lightly, step lightly; the old year is dying—
Softly, speak softly the final farewell;
Garlands all faded around him are lying,
Garlands he hung in each valley and dell.

Gently, move gently; disturb not his sleeping—
Few are his moments, his ending is nigh;
Well has he served us and meet is our weeping,
Fitly we drop to his memory a sigh.

Beauty and joy in his life's early morning,
Promises gave of the incoming time:
Riches and treasure midsummer adorning,
Crowned with fruition his glorious prime.

Quietly, softly, his mission all ended,
Gently and smoothly he passes away;
Let us watch round him, that not unbefriended,
Lonely and sad be the last of his stay.

Silently listen! his heart ceases throbbing—
Shorter and fainter—his breath now is gone;
Silently listen: the low winds are sobbing—
The New Year is welcomed with earliest dawn.

Softly we utter farewells to the dying,
Gently when gone close the once loving eye;
Thus be it ours when in death we are lying,
Friendship may waft to our memories a sigh.

H. B. H.

DIED.

OLDHAM.—At Paradise, Utah, Nov. 24th, of liver complaint, John Oldham, aged 61 years. Deceased joined the Church in Bury, Lancashire, March 6, 1855; emigrated to Utah May 21, 1864: was ordained a High Priest Nov. 6, 1866. For many years he was superintendent of the Sabbath School. He was a faithful Saint, and died beloved by all.—[Com.—"News."

WYATT.—At Kaysville, Utah, Dec. 1st, of pulmonary disease, Elizabeth Wyatt, wife of James Wyatt, aged 67 years. The husband of deceased died Nov. 10th, and it has pleased Providence to prevent a long separation. The aged couple leave a family of four grown up children. They were beloved and respected by a large circle of friends, and died having implicit confidence in a glorious resurrection with the just among the Saints of God.—"Ogden Junction."

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